Agam. Why will he not vpon our faire request,
Vntent his person, and share th'ayre with vs.
Vlis. Things small as nothing, for requests sake onely,
He makes important possest he is with greatnesse,
And speakes not to himselfe but with a pride,
That quarrels at selfe breath. Imagind worth,
Holds in his bloud such swolne and hott discourse,
That twixt his mentall and his actiue parts,
Kingdomd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters downe himselfe. What should I say,
He is so plaguie proud, that the death tokens of it,
Crie no recouerie. *Agam.* Let *Aiax* go to him,
Deare Lord, go you, and greete him in his tent,
'Tis said he holds you well, and will be lead,
At your request a little from himselfe.
Vlis. O *Agamemnon* let it not be so,
Weele consecrate the steps that *Aiax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*: shall the proud Lord
That baths his arrogance with his owne seame,
And neuer suffers matter of the world
Enter his thoughts, saue such as doth reuolue,
And ruminate him-selfe: shall he be worshipt,
Of that we hold an idoll more then hee,
No: this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord,
Shall not so staule his palme nobly acquird,
Nor by my will assubiugate his merit,
As amply liked as *Achilles* is, by going to *Achilles*,
That were to enlard his fat already pride,
And adde more coles to *Cancer* when he burnes,
With entertaining great *Hiperion*,
This Lord go to him. *Iupiter* forbid,
And say in thunder *Achilles* go to him.
Nest. O this is well, he rubs the vaine of him.
Diom. And how his silence drinkes vp his applause,
Aia. If I go to him: with my armed fist ile push him ore the face.
Agam O no, you shall not goe,
Aia. And he be proud with me, Ile phese his pride,
Let me goe to him.

Vlis.

Vlis. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrell.
Aiax. A paltry insolent fellow.
Nest. How he describes him selfe.
Aiax. Can he not be sociable.
Vlis. The Rauen chides blackneſſe.
Aiax. Ile tell his humorous bloud.
Agam. Hee wilbe the phisition, that should bee the pa
ent. *Aiax.* And all men were of my minde.
Vlis. Wit would bee out of fashion.
Aiax: A should not beare it so, a should eate swords fi
shall pride carry it?
Nest. And two'od yow'd carry halfe.
Aiax. A would haue ten shares. I will kneade him,
make him supple, he's not yet through warme?
Nest. Force him with praiers poure in, poure, his ambiti
is dsie.
Vlis. My Lord you feed too much on this dislike.
Nest. Our noble generall do not do so?
Diom. You must prepare to fight without *Achilles*.
Vlis: Why tis this naming of him do's him harme,
Here is a man but tis before his face; I wilbe silent.
Nest. Wherefore should you so?
He is not emulous as *Achilles* is.
Vlis. Know the whole world hee is as valiant——
Aiax. A hoarson dog that shall palter with vs thus, wo
he were a Troyan?
Nest. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now:
Vlis: If hee were proude.
Diom. Or couetous of praise.
Vlis. Or surly borne.
Diom. Or strange or selfe affected.
Vlis: Thank the heauens Lord, thou art of sweet compo
Praise him that gat thee, shee that gaue thee suck:
Fam'd be thy tutor, and thy parts of nature,
Thrice fam'd beyond all thy eruditions:
But hee that disciplind thine armes to fight,
Let *Mars* diuide eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour: